

Vol 13-15 Comp

# MTAIN LIFE & WORK



**THE FELLOWSHIP OF SOUTHERN  
CHURCHMEN: A RELIGION  
FOR TODAY**

**HOWARD KESTER**

**HEALTH AND MEDICAL NEEDS  
OF THE MOUNTAINS**

**CAROLINE E. KIDDER**

**APRIL, 1939  
VOLUME XV  
NUMBER 1**

# MOUNTAIN LIFE AND WORK

**MOUNTAIN LIFE AND WORK IS PUBLISHED QUARTERLY  
AT BEREAL KENTUCKY, IN THE INTEREST OF FELLOWSHIP  
AND MUTUAL UNDERSTANDING BETWEEN THE APPALACHIAN MOUNTAINS AND THE REST OF THE NATION.**

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# mountain life and work

VOLUME 15

APRIL, 1939

NUMBER 1

## EDITORIALS

### FOOD FOR A THOUGHT

It is fitting and timely that we pause to clarify in our minds the purpose of our Conference and the opportunity and responsibility which its underlying aims place upon each member and upon each person interested or participating in the larger work of our Highlands and of our country. The Conference is not so much an organization as it is an attitude of cooperation, an acceptance of the responsibility and rite of working together on our common problems towards a wider future seen through the eyes of our combined fellowship. It is a channel of expression in which we view the varied aspects of our religious, social, economic and personal problems from the angle of public and private responsibility. More particularly it has represented a coordinating opportunity for the various religious and private influences working for the development of the Highlands. More and more it inevitably faces an active responsibility for coordinating these same private and independent activities with the larger federal and state programs to the common end of equal opportunity, which is the birthright of every member of our American democracy. The intrinsic value of personality is our challenge; the fraternity of understanding is our privilege; the happiness of shared work is our program.

Through the instrument of our recreation program, the pages of this magazine, the challenge of the cooperative technique, the health subsidies and the hope of the new Conference Health Committee to assist in establishing more lasting and concrete health facilities—through these various channels the larger hope of our Conference fellowship is being brought into contact with and is making its contribution, large or small, to the Highlands.

Every person living or working in the Highlands is potentially a part of the Conference fellowship. He is invited and urged to participate actively by membership and by sharing his prob-

lems and success with us all through the fellowship of our Knoxville meeting, by contribution to the pages of this magazine and by exercising a wider friendship with his neighbors. Further, our problem and our opportunity is not limited by the geographical outlines of our Mountain area. It becomes the responsibility of citizens North and South, an integration in this focal locality of the political and educational resources of our America.

E.G.B.

### OUR FIFTEENTH BIRTHDAY

With this number, *Mountain Life and Work* celebrates its fifteenth birthday. At such a time it is natural and interesting to review the purposes for which the magazine was established, to consider how well the quarterly has filled a needed place; to consider its function in the future.

In April, 1925, *Southern Mountain Life and Work*, Volume I, Number I, "published by Berea College, Berea, Ky., in the interest of fellowship and mutual understanding between the Appalachian Mountains and the rest of the nation," was sent out to mountain workers and friends, with an expressed hope and a plea. The hope was that the Southern Mountains, "poorly understood and insufficiently appreciated," might, through the medium of this quarterly, become understood in a sympathetic rather than a patronising way, and that, while changing the thinking of the outside world in regard to the mountain people, it might also bring them to a better understanding of that world. This was, and is, a large hope; not wholly fulfilled, but worthy.

The plea made was for the support of this magazine. "Every educator and social service promoter who has had much experience in the mountains in recent years has felt or is feeling the need of such a medium as the publication," wrote the editor in the first issue. "It is with a minimum of misgivings that we undertake the task, for a serious and thoughtful country like ours will sup-

port this magazine for the good it will do. *Mountain Life and Work* desires to serve, and beyond that it has no ambitions to gratify. With that mission in view it ventures to challenge the people to a common effort . . . It will realize its hopes if it can become a voice successfully inviting to a common effort the forces within its field . . ."

In 1925, when the first issue came off the press, the Conference of Southern Mountain Workers had just held its thirteenth annual meeting. Informally called for the first time in 1912, the Conference had developed as a neutral meeting ground to which all could bring their problems, and from which they could take fresh ideas and courage back to the work of the year. It was only natural that *Mountain Life and Work*, with its expressed ideal, should publicize the work of the Conference. Subsidized during the first year by Berea College, the magazine has since then depended for financial support largely on subscriptions received and on an annual subsidy from one of the large foundations. The present editors of the magazine succeeded Mr. Marshall Vaughn as editor in 1926. In 1928, Miss Dingman became Executive Secretary of the Conference, thus bringing magazine and Conference more closely together.

*Mountain Life and Work* wishes on its fifteenth birthday to thank the scores of writers, photographers, and illustrators who have contributed to it during these years. Its special gratitude is due the loyal contributing editors who have so

graciously responded to requests for articles long or short, and to Dr. William J. Hutchins, who introduced the first issue, and has counselled on knotty problems from that time to the present.

The Conference of Southern Mountain Workers, a cooperative fellowship open to all who are working in the mountains or who are friends of the Southern Highlands, will succeed or fail in the measure to which its members support it with interest, with money, with open-minded thinking, with cooperative effort. So it is with Mountain Life and Work.

Is there a need for this quarterly? In the past the answer given has been "yes," for it has been the only magazine devoted to this "grand division of the United States." Accurate source materials on the facts of Appalachian life have been, until recently, most scarce; many of such as were available were contained in earlier issues of *Mountain Life and Work*. As conditions in the Southern Highlands change, so *Mountain Life and Work* may need to change.

*Mountain Life and Work* still strives to realize the aims set forth in its first issue and seeks all available cooperation as it pledges itself anew to the development of fellowship and mutual understanding between the Appalachian Mountains and the rest of the nation. Will you help make it a channel through which you may share your experiences, raise your problems, seek your solutions, and express your dreams for the whole Appalachian area?

A. H.

It seems quite probable that if our civilization should ever begin to build its social order around the needs of the child, we should have taken the initial steps toward the elimination of poverty and crime. It would then be necessary to see to it that no child was compelled to live in a condition of poverty. Every child would have a genuine chance at a socialized education, a training which would prepare for life. He would not only be definitely fitted to earn his livelihood, but trained for the responsibilities of parenthood, community life, and citizenship. He would be taught how to use his spare time in recreation which really recreates and he would presumably absorb the ideal that every one should strive to do some constructive achievement for the common good, and that the self-seeker exploiting his fellows is a traitor to his country.

H. E. Barnes, Jerome Davis

## The Fellowship of Southern Churchmen: A Religion for Today

HOWARD KESTER

It is one of the major tragedies of history that the early Christian Church became sufficiently popular to merit a marriage with the Roman Empire against which it had heroically struggled for three centuries. When the church succumbed to the enticing bouquets laid at its feet by the wily Constantine, it entered that stage of decline whose final tragic scene we today are permitted to witness. It is similarly tragic that the profound spiritual insights of the early Christian fathers have so long been buried beneath the interminable maze of Christian doctrine which to a large degree has been unrelated to the business of establishing the Kingdom of God among men.

One of the most impressive and startling facts arising from an examination of primitive Christianity is that of its profound concern with the problems which today bedevil mankind around the world. What is even more impressive is the way in which the early church set about to conquer its world for God and man. The early Christians believed war to be sinful and contrary to the will of God; hence they became pacifists and refused to serve in the army of the Empire. They had a passion for brotherhood, believed that all men were brothers, and quite simply extended their fraternity beyond the barriers of race and nationality. Believing that the fruits of the earth were intended for all, they held their possessions in common. They extended their allegiance and loyalty to God and refused to acknowledge any earthly authority as having jurisdiction over their lives.

There are few chapters in all human history so full of drama and romance as the first magnificent centuries of Christianity. They are chapters with which most Christians are unfamiliar. The directness and simplicity of early Christian life overwhelm one, and constitute an extraordinary commentary on today's jaw-cracking terminology of that amazingly simple faith. Eighteen years ago I underlined the thirteenth verse of the fourth chapter of Acts. It reads, "Now when they beheld the boldness of Peter and John, and had perceived that they were unlearned and ignorant men, they marveled; and they took knowledge of them that

they had been with Jesus." During these eighteen short years I have returned again and again to this passage, for the rugged strength, poignant beauty, and indomitable courage of the early Christians illumines my world as nothing else. Here we find, it seems to me, the kernel, the heart, the power of that simple, unalloyed faith that shook, overwhelmed, and for a time overcame the world. And in all humility I have asked myself the question, as no doubt hundreds of others have done, can this sort of Christian faith and witness be recaptured in our world and perchance establish, at least for a while, God's kingdom in the hearts of men?

Religion in all ages has tended gradually either to become so dominated by social ends as virtually to ignore fundamental spiritual needs and means, or to be so consumed by spiritual emphases as to be devoid of any understanding of social sins and needs. In either instance religion becomes warped, completely twisted out of its true position, and eventually in conflict with the mandates of God and the aspirations of man.

It is further characteristic of religion that it all too easily adapts itself to the prevailing customs and habits of society. Instead of fashioning the world after the will of God, it becomes fashioned of the world; the institutions of religion become hardly distinguishable from other institutions serving the public weal. While this is characteristic of religion in any place, be it Taoist, Buddhist, or Christian, it is particularly noticeable here in the South.

While in every society religion has its body of dissenters, its separatists, its prophets, the church in the South has been historically on the side of the privileged. The most striking example of this fact was the church's identification of religion with the cause of human slavery. The church, both high and low, merged its intellect and its soul with the established order; it adapted itself to the exigencies of time and circumstances and when faced with a supreme test it had no prophetic utterance to make.

Religion in the South has never recovered from this great act of apostasy. The influence of this

act is revealed wherever men gather in the name of religion. The church remains more of a social institution—lightly respected by all but not deeply revered by any—than a religious institution. Petty sins are denounced with great indignation, but the major social sins of the people are rarely broached and are soft-pedaled when mentioned at all. Here the pastor is largely priest rather than prophet or prophet-priest. The prophet with an eye to God's justice and judgments, with a sin-lashing tongue, is hardly to be found in the large city churches but instead in small communities, remote mountain villages and backwoods hamlets where he is both prophet and priest; prophet because he understands the meaning of God in human history, knows by constant contact the social discomfort, the yearnings and aspirations of his people, cries out against social injustice and individual sin, and works towards the healing of the people's wounds; priest because he ministers to the spiritual hunger of his troubled people. Frequently unlearned, he is scrupulously honest and fearless, often a pillar of granite in a weary land. This is not to say that there are no prophets in our large urban centers. Happily, they are increasingly to be found. But they are none the less regarded with suspicion and curbed when possible by zealous political Christians when their utterances burn too brightly on the local hearth-side.

Our religion, as well as our politics, has all too often served the interests of the demagogue and showman. As in so many other similar situations, religion has been made to serve the interests of the status quo, it has been maneuvered into docility or acquiescence with sin, or forced to beat its drum in silent retreat before the onward march of social injustice. Religion in the South is neither healthy nor robust, and is impotent in the face of the grossest social sins of our day. It is impotent precisely because it has yet to unsheathe its sword against these social sins which have corrupted and corroded the Christian church for so many centuries and which today threaten the very foundations of contemporary society.

We live in a land in which both the natural and the human resources have been cruelly exploited and wasted. Here man's greatest ignominy and sin—the buying and selling of human beings for a price—has cursed the land and its people

from the earliest days to the present. Here, true husbands of God's great earth could have created abundance and plenty for all, but in the place of plenty we have ghastly, unbelievable poverty. Here, where we worship the dead heroes of freedom, we half enslave our black brother and refer to that other half of our white brothers as "poor white trash." Here we have our mansions in the grand tradition, and here we have our "Tobacco Road" with no traditions at all save the traditions of those who in all ages have abandoned hope.

The South historically has been inhospitable toward Christianity. It is, on the other hand, a land of great religious zeal and outward show, a land of high-steeple churches, store-front churches, crumbling rural meeting houses, and no churches at all. The harshness of the social order for both poor whites and Negroes has been ally to an escapist religion which sought sanctuary in another world. There is, on the other hand, a wide knowledge of the Bible among the people. The Bible has given the people a wide acquaintance with the prophets of justice and righteousness, and in the numerous struggles of the children of Israel, particularly as reflected in the Exile, they see themselves mirrored in human history. Often, without priest or prophet, they have in their simplicity given various interpretations to the writings of Paul and have at times adduced strange and extraordinary doctrines and theories, but the prophets, Amos, Hosea, Isaiah, and Jeremiah, spoke too plainly about the common ordinary facts of life to be misunderstood or greatly misinterpreted. Their ringing denunciations of the rich and powerful have found ready acceptance by the masses of people who are today victims of oppression and injustice. The patron saint of most southern rural folk is that heroic figure arising out of the Old Testament, Moses—Moses the lawgiver, but most of all, Moses the liberator, the organizer of slaves, the champion of justice and righteousness. When all other books have been unavailable the Bible has been accessible, and in its pages men have found deep solace and spiritual nourishment in the midst of their misery.

The church does not have the hold upon the masses of southern folk that it did in the past, for the simple reason that the church has played an unheroic and at times ignoble part in helping

to perpetuate their misery. All too often the church has passed the people by on the other side as incapable of being saved—"worthless, shiftless, no-count folks." While many of the people are bordering on anti-church, they are far from being anti-religious. They are quick to differentiate between religion and irreligion, and they are quick to recognize the religious man who seeks to square his actions with his moral pronouncements and the priest who prattles and prays but lives a life of sham and hypocrisy.

In this land of institutional irreligion and hypocrisy on the one hand and deep religious feeling and understanding on the other, prophetic religion may make a contribution of utmost importance to the weal of the people.

Out of this land of paradoxes recently has emerged a small group of men and women who have associated themselves together as the Fellowship of Southern Churchmen. "As Christian men and women," so reads the Statement of Principles, "we find resources for the solution of the basic problems confronting our world in a common religious heritage. Believing that the salvation of the individual and society is one and inseparable, we must accept responsibility for the widespread poverty, class conflict, racial bitterness, warfare, and unemployment, accompanied by the contemporary moral disintegration and overwhelming sense of futility and despair throughout our world today. We consider this chaos as the judgment of God upon a world which has forsaken the commandment to love our neighbor as ourselves and as evidence of the need for fundamental and basic change."

Briefly stated, the Fellowship of Southern Churchmen earnestly seeks to capture for our day the spirit and fruit of the vital Christianity found in the early church. It has set forth its purpose in the words of the prophet Isaiah: "To preach the gospel to the poor; to heal the broken hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised, to preach the acceptable year of the Lord."

In the Fellowship men and women have found strength for the day-to-day task of trying to live as Christians. When one member was holding his Thanksgiving service on a picket line, he knew that another brother was distributing clothes and

milk to cold, undernourished children in the mountains; that another was teaching illiterate farmers and workers how to read and write; that another was organizing tenant farmers and sharecroppers; that another was bringing healing to bodies and spirits broken by unemployment and poverty; that another was exposing the mind and heart of young men and women to the realities of our world and bringing them to an understanding of God's will for our world; that another was struggling to destroy the barriers that divide black man from white man; that another was fighting social injustice and sin in high places and low; that another was organizing, enlarging, and beautifying the world of the working man through education and purposeful organization; that another was bringing recreation and medical care to mountain folk long forgotten and neglected; that another was planting the seeds of a new economic life among the disinherited men of the deep South; and that on a hundred other fronts his brothers were upholding his hands and participating in his service of thanksgiving on the picket line. Here they stand and labor, often unseen and unknown, and laboring for and with that emerging minority of Christians who have caught a glimpse of the grandeur and greatness of that kingdom which hath no frontiers of race, of nation or of class.

The Fellowship has not sought to secure a long list of members. It has preferred to grow slowly, certain of its fundamental concepts and certain of its direction and goal. Slowly it has matured. After five years it has developed a certain body of opinion, a certain ripened faith and a certain group understanding which makes it a cohesive unit. Its various pronouncements have come after long deliberation and its Statement of Principles was not set down in writing until it had three years of rich fellowship and work behind it.

The Fellowship has no unique conceptions about God or society. It does not hold that it has cornered the market on truth or that its members are the only persons concerned to build toward the Kingdom of God. It holds, however, that the hour is at hand when Christians must declare themselves and stand fast upon those truths which are the substance and life of the Christian faith. We believe that the time has come when either the people of the South will reclaim this land for

what it may become, or, failing to do this, will see the people degraded and brutalized and forever condemned to eat the poisonous fruit of that bi-racial culture and economic system which now threatens our very existence. As Christians and as Southerners, we want to invest our lives in behalf of that simple but overwhelming faith that broke upon our world nineteen centuries ago, believing that as we do so, we shall be laying those essential foundations without which we and our children shall perish.

We believe quite simply that we of this generation are witnessing the inevitable collapse of a world order, a world order which is built upon self-destroying forces which are at utter variance with those basic and fundamental laws which we hold to be at the heart of the universe, namely, mutuality, love, good will, and cooperation. We believe that history affords us sure knowledge of the unalterable logic of those immutable laws of nature which to violate is death and destruction. But while we have entered the long night of darkness and decay, we have also entered into the dawning period of a new day. It is more than death; it is life. As one world dies, another is created in the womb of circumstance and time. It is for us then night and dawn, death and life, the end and the beginning.

We are neither overcome by the terrible meaning of this hour in human history, nor are we confused or bewildered by what we understand and see. The true Christian is not a child of time nor of circumstance. His life is rooted in the eternal verities of the ages, and for him time can have no ultimate meaning since he, as Shaemas O'Sheel has so beautifully written,

. . . treads the impalpable marches,  
From the dust of the day's long road he leaps to a  
laughing star,  
And the ruin of worlds that fall he views from eternal  
arches.

In history he sees the immutable judgments of God working with inexorable logic. In his own life and in the life of his world, he views the eternal process working from darkness to light, death to life, ever toward the ultimate healing of the people's wounds.

We of the Fellowship see in the agony of this hour the tragic fulfillment of the consequences of the social sins of our day. While we may judge the battle from above the battlefield, we throw our lives into the midst of the struggle and mingle our voices and our blood in all that transpires. For our God is the Lord of history, yesterday, today, and tomorrow.

Finally, we believe that Jesus was the greatest realist of all times. In his life we find that way of life for which man in his moments of sanity and in his evening of dreams longs and yearns. In his life we find the only certain answer for the injustice and brutality, the sham and hypocrisy, the evil and sin about us.

We believe that the will of God will be done on earth and that his Kingdom will be established among men. Toward the realization of this goal—even in the midst of chaos and confusion, moral disintegration and spiritual blindness—we set our hands and our hearts.

In seeking this goal, we shall not confuse ends and means, nor shall we justify the desire of our hearts through the use of weapons which in themselves carry the seed of doom and destruction. We shall not be deluded into believing that we can achieve goodness and mercy and love while practicing scorn and deceit and hate. We shall not yield to the judgments of man nor to the exigencies of time. We shall obey the judgments of God rather than those of man, for we believe "our mission is to preach the Good News of deliverance to the poor and oppressed; to bind up the hearts of those burdened with pain and despair; to proclaim liberty to those held in wage slavery and economic bondage; to preach the recovery of sight to those who have abandoned hope; to preach repentance to those who exercise power and dominion over the lives and destinies of other men; to set at liberty them that are bruised by unemployment and poverty and have no hope for the future; to proclaim the good tidings of the Kingdom of God, the Commonwealth of Humanity, to all men everywhere, and to live as though the Kingdom were here in our midst. This is our task."

## THE PROBLEMS OF POSSUM TROT

H. CLARENCE NIXON

The problems of the South are largely the problems of Possum Trot, which has been an economic shock-absorber for Main Street, as the latter has been a shock-absorber for Wall Street. Figuratively, typically and literally, Possum Trot is as significant in our economic system as are Main Street and Wall Street. Its prosperity or poverty affects southern business, southern wages and southern income in general. It is erroneous to consider the inhabitants of Possum Trot as humanly hopeless. They are not. They need only a chance. They are potentially competent.

Possum Trot has sent population to distant cities, timber to distant mills, and soil to distant rivers, only to discover that there are no more jobs for people to go to, no more good timber to ship away, and no more soil to spare. Thanks largely to Possum Trot and its ways and luck, the South prior to the depression was exporting millions of human beings to other regions, in exchange for one-ninth as many incomers; it was also losing millions and millions of tons of soil annually from farms for nothing. Neither of these export processes can go on forever, if rural civilization is to survive; the two tendencies in combination suggest drastic needs for social leadership and corrective action through education and economic change.

The growth of armies of unemployed in northern and southern cities has limited migration from the rural regions of the South. The mechanization of agriculture in the lowlands and on the level plains of the cotton country is rapidly reducing the demand for labor in those quarters, where there are now fewer people than once was the case. But there is more population on the southern countryside than ever before, with heavy growth of population among our hills and little valleys and mountains. Hence more and more boys and girls at Possum Trot must prepare or be prepared to brighten the corners where they are. That hamlet must plan or perish. Its unorganized human and physical resources must be harnessed in ways to permit people to make a better living and to live better.

Soil conservation and balanced farming are parts of the answer to Possum Trot poverty. Scientific forestry and selective timber-cutting are also needed. Countryside industries, based on local resources, should enable more persons to "live at home and eat in the kitchen." Handicrafts offer ways for constructive employment and development of personality. The leadership of good neighbors in cooperative enterprise should lift living standards and bring on more of the good life. Organized recreation is vital, if enforced idleness is to yield to beneficial leisure.

Possum Trot, its district, and nearby towns have about half as many physicians and dentists in proportion to population as the nation as a whole. The rural state of South Carolina has only slightly more than half its proportionate share of doctors, while Mississippi has about half the proportion of dentists as may be counted for Oregon. The health and health facilities of these rural people are matters of national concern. Many a southern worker is handicapped by energy-sapping disease. It is scientifically estimated that two million are annually affected by malaria in the South. Hookworm is here still, or again. Lack of health, not inherently inferior capacity, often holds a boy or girl or grown person down to low productivity and achievement. The average citizen of Possum Trot finds it difficult to pay doctor bills, and even small-town doctors find it much more difficult financially to make calls to outlying rural points without guarantee of fees than was the rule in horse-and-buggy days. Little rural farms have been lost by owners in recent years because of the cost of medical and hospital services. And thousands of our rural dwellers are going without medical care. That is a human problem to be met.

The agricultural extension services have hardly reached Possum Trot, where they are needed most. A few boys and girls have gone from there to high school and college and graduated—without coming back. The consolidated school for this community is some miles away. In education, as in our economic system, there is a strong tendency to ignore the needs, the potentialities, and the ways

of life of Possum Trot, which is now growing faster than New York and Chicago. If the South is the nation's number one economic problem, Possum Trot is the rural South's number one economic problem and human problem. I commend

this point to our statesmen, educators and religious leaders, with a reminder that we must save and develop communities as well as individuals. I might say unto them, "Take the New Deal to Possum Trot."

## *Health and Medical Needs of the Mountains*

CAROLINE E. KIDDER

Way back in the mountains—God's good country!—one finds the flowers and the ferns, the redbud and dogwood and "service"; the trees, the creeks, and huge overhanging rocks; winding roads, some so steep and some in the creek beds; and the friendliest people in the world, with time to enjoy a caller.

The women get an immense amount of work done, washing, scrubbing, dishes, cooking, bathing, with the water supply a far piece off the house-site, brought in bucket by bucket. I have come to believe that a close water supply is one of the main assets of a hygienic home.

Then there is the matter of toilets, too. One of the questions of first importance in a city is that of sanitation, but in the mountains, human waste is neglected, casually left around to be the means of spreading diarrhea, enteritis, worms, typhoid fever. "Colitis" is a terrible scourge. A young girl said to me last summer, "It is sad to walk in our burial ground: there are so many graves of little children who mostly died of colitis." Some way must be found for every family to have a sanitary privy, and the education to persist in using it.

Every woman needs supervision during pregnancy, but few mountain mothers, and few of the men, know it yet. Prenatal clinics are available to all city mothers. But if there is one prenatal clinic in a whole mountain county, it is something to talk about. Europeans have recognized for years the great importance of protecting lives of mother and babies. It is just hit or miss in the mountains. How long will it be, I wonder, before they have adequate prenatal, delivery, and postnatal care? An educational program must pave the way.

At the present time, most mountain mothers

see their doctor only once at most before delivery, and many, many not until delivery, if then; for many are still using midwives because there are no available funds to pay for a doctor's services. In the Scandinavian countries, the midwives have two years training and are supported by the State; an obstetrical hospital, also supported by the State, is no further than thirty miles away from any home. In our Appalachians, few are having the postpartum check-up. As a result, many mothers, in some places most of them, are handicapped and miserable the rest of their lives. In the face of this situation, the vast patience of mothers, and their long suffering, are appalling.

This is, as I said, an educational problem. One still finds those who cling to superstitious beliefs such as, "Don't wash your hair while you are pregnant or your baby will be born blind;" "Don't change your bedding for three days; it's bad luck;" "Apply axle grease for caked breasts;" "Don't sweep under a bed when a woman is confined. She is likely to die." Men and women must be taught what is needed to make a healthy mother and a healthy baby. It is also necessary to teach the young boys and the girls.

Knowledge of the right way to space babies is a health need of the mountain family. Many mothers are having babies faster than their health warrants, and faster than the family income can provide for. One mother twenty-seven years old, married nine years, has seven children. Another mother has given birth to eleven children and lost five of them before they were three. In one family, a fine young mother of eighteen has three children and fears that another is on the way. The father of this family met the nurse and asked her to call. "What can you do?" he queried. "Would a big dose of black pepper do any good?"

Prenatal and baby spacing clinics, delivery and postnatal care are terribly needed by all mothers. There is high hope that the maternal health program inaugurated by the Health Department of North Carolina will soon be copied by all the states.

Babies are "loved to death" in the mountains. A cheerful, calm understanding of babies' needs would make thousands of mothers' lives over. Fear of unknown troubles of the tiny baby brings on loving care which would be enough to warm one's heart if it were not so harmful to the baby and to the family's peace and happiness. To nurse the baby every time it cries day or night; to pick it up and tend it, swinging it up and down in the arms; to hold it sitting up on one's lap; to give it paragoric and asafoetida for its crying all day long; to give it castor oil; to give it "tea" for "hives"; to bathe it sparingly every other day; to have it in the bed with its father and mother; to cover its face with the bed covers when it is asleep; to keep it indoors all winter and even in summer; at three months to give it a bite of anything that the family has for dinner, and yet to keep on nursing it for fifteen months or more—these are the "rules" too commonly followed. Again, education is the way.

Any nurse will be a happy one who is able to teach half a dozen mothers and fathers the up-to-date rules of baby-raising. But it takes more than one presentation to teach anyone anything. Over and over we all hear things that we should put into practice but do not. Is it any wonder that a mother with her eleventh child should have a doctor tell her to put her baby on a four-hour nursing schedule and its colic would disappear, that a public health nurse should corroborate the advice, that a baby specialist fifty miles away should give the same counsel, and yet that the mother cannot believe help for this great worry is as simply wrought as all that? One is not really taught until he does what he has been taught. Baby care must be taught in classes at school, in clubs, and in the homes.

Actual help in the home is one of the best ways of teaching. Baby Sue was losing steadily. Her family was "looking for her to die." She was nearing six months and weighed less than she did when she was born. The father sent word to the nurse that he would like her to come see his baby. One morning the nurse appeared at the door.

"Good morning, Mrs. Blank; I have come hoping that I may be able to help you with Sue. Your husband asked me to call." The program for the day was written down and each item was carried out by the mother with the help of an older daughter: strained tomato juice and cod liver oil, bath, feedings, sunbaths in a dresser drawer, and all. From that day Sue began to take an upward turn, and eventually became as healthy as her brothers and sisters. She was the thirteenth child.

One can never forget the sight of a baby overcome with rickets. The country air and sun are perfect instruments of health. Farmers the world around know this and utilize them in growing good crops, cattle, chickens, hogs. But human infants in the mountains and in other places start life by acquiring rickets, because parental education is short on this vital point. "I have not had my baby out all winter." "I wanted to put my baby out but my mother-in-law told me that it would be very harmful," another says. "Yes," a third remarks, "it is as you say; nothing can grow in this room, and I reckon it is the same with babies." But how can mothers know, save someone be sent to them?

Malnutrition is another problem. There are children without enough food, and others with plenty of food that is ruined in the cooking. Home demonstration agents, Smith-Hughes teachers, and public health nurses have their biggest jobs here. If all the people could have the right food, and that cooked in the right way, there would be a tremendous boost forward for the human race. Two main questions are: first, how soon can a thrasher be accessible to all farmers, to free them from "devitalized" white flour? and, secondly, how may cans of mason jars be provided in sufficient quantities for each family to have 70 pints of tomatoes per person, 70 pints of leafy green and yellow vegetables, 77 pints of other vegetables and fruits, 20 pints of meat—237 pints in all per person?

The next most important factors in fighting malnutrition are the ability and the understanding willingness of heads of families to make large enough gardens, to raise at least an acre of wheat, and to dig big enough storage cellars. Rarely are there anywhere near enough jars for canning, and either there are not enough vegetables planted, or vegetables go to waste on the ground. Also, not

half of the homes have cellars, although, as a father of six children once told me, "A cellar is half a livin'."

Men and women have not been to school much, though many are well self-educated. Few parents have a basic knowledge of foods essential for good body-building and functioning. Dr. Frank G. Boudreau, in *New Health Frontiers*, says, "When we quit raising our own wheat our trouble began. Nutrition is our most important public health problem. We must get a milk cow in every home and go to raising our own corn and wheat for meal and flour, and having a garden that produces enough of every vegetable for each one in the family for both winter and summer. Besides, have fruit, chickens and a pig. The death rate will be cut 50 per cent."

Prevention is THE thing. Health is an economic problem and the first mile is education, which can come through the school, through the county agents, and through the public health nurses, by means of home visits and clubs and classes. Fundamentally, this is more important than corrective clinics. Nobody knows exactly the number of tooth troubles and tonsillectomies that will be prevented by the body-building and health-maintaining foods which everyone will have and will eat some day.

But clinics are needed—clinics for infants and pre-school children where a thorough examination may be had; clinics for immunization work and tonsillectomies, for eye examinations and dentistry. One eye specialist gave his service for one day and examined fourteen persons for eye troubles. Each paid one dollar for the examination, which went toward transportation and hotel bill of the doctor. One school girl had 20/100 vision in one eye. The doctor was able to get a wholesale price on glasses. For six dollars, correction of the worst defects was made possible.

Then there is tuberculosis! It will be wiped out when everyone sick with it is cared for so that the germs don't get spread about. Deaths have gone down one-half since 1909. It is encouraging to note that people are learning; they are asking questions. "How can you tell early when you have tuberculosis?" I was asked only yesterday. Thrilled, I sat in the cabin home and told of tuberculin tests and X-ray. This family had friends

who had been to clinics and to the tri-county sanatorium. As I explained and went over again what someone else had already told them, it made the knowledge solid.

More help for families threatened with tuberculosis is greatly needed. In coal counties I have visited family after family where there was, or had been recently, a member ill with tuberculosis, and where there was the barest income from mining or only WPA wages—no cow, very little if any garden. What can be expected for children in such homes? When should financial help be made available? When the coffin is needed for a burying, or at the time when good nourishing food will prevent premature death and the purchase of six to ten more coffins?

As for treatment, is it really best, because cheapest and easiest at the time, to care for incipient cases only in the sanatoria, while grandmother and dad go about with "asthma," "brownchitis," sinus trouble," or acknowledged tuberculosis, sowing the germs as fast and thick as possible? And is it right that the family should not tell the grandmother that she has tuberculosis, and let her go on tending children? How can they know save some one be sent, and how can they and their children have preventive care on \$200 or less a year?

Medical care of isolated mountain people is another crying need. Citizens of the United States are suffering without a chance to recover and finish their work in the world; they are dying before their day, just because Doctor lives so far away that his fee would be prohibitive for their incomes.

There is hardly a home without one or more bottles of patent medicine on the fireboard. The nurse arrived in one home just in time to try to convince a woman who was very much run down and thin that a certain much advertised panacea at \$1.25 a bottle was not so good as a visit to the doctor.

Hospitals are needed reasonably near to every community. Here is a man suffering with a strangulated hernia. There is one with a brain tumor. One gets to a hospital over a wild route on a cot carried by men, soon enough by just one-half hour to save his life. Another is ill a year before a doctor comes along who diagnoses the case—too late. Here is a woman of forty-five about to

give birth to her first child, and neither she nor her husband know the value of a hospital.

The reason why doctors and hospitals sometimes have poor reputations in the mountains is that early symptoms of disease are disregarded or thought lightly of, and when they begin to cause concern, folkways and patent medicines are tried to save money; at the last, when hope begins to fade, the doctor is called in and he and the hospital are asked to do the impossible.

The way to a better understanding of modern medicine is being paved by the work of the State Crippled Children's Commission. On one of my visits in an isolated school district, a mother told me that she had had the opportunity to take her little son to a hospital to have his harelip fixed. She said that no sooner had she made up her mind than her friends and neighbors began trying their best to make her change it. "Don't take him to a hospital. He'll come back worse than he is now." "They'll kill him." But she stuck to her purpose, won by the field nurse's quiet, assuring words. Her face beamed as she told me of his perfect correction. "And now," she concluded, "my friends all praise me for my venturing."

Nurses are needed to reach the homes. One in a county! How many homes can one nurse return to twice in a year? Even if a nurse is in a smaller district with clinics, clubs, and classes besides home visits, there is usually too little time for the latter. One can scarcely rate home visits high enough. To get acquainted, to get to be a friend, asking if the baby is better, having a talk with the father on his crops, and bringing the conversation around to the very subject that is bursting you at the moment—say, yellow corn—this is the backbone of health work. "I know that there is more strength in yellow corn," said one father, "because when I give eight ears of white corn to my mule he eats it all, and when I give yellow, he leaves two ears." How can people hear, unless nurses be sent?

Health clubs are helpful, but their membership will be found to lack the very mothers that need help most. Clubs are, nevertheless, an important means of education. We need to get together to take as well as give. Each little center can have a nucleus of women who help the nurse with her educating in that place. On Gunter Mountain we

have a club in each of six centers. Each is organized with a president, vice-president, and secretary. There is a program of songs, poems, a psalm, a prayer, minutes and roll call, committee reports, and the subject for the day. Colds, Prenatal Care, Infant Care, Healthy Homes, Tuberculosis, Bedside Care, Food for Health, are subjects on the program for the year. One club has had six meetings with an average attendance of fourteen. Another has met six times with an average of eight.

A message came to the nurse from a member of one club: "A short distance from the store, back in a field, a family is living which has five children, none of whom has been immunized against diphtheria. Will you go and see them?" The nurse picked up another club member and together they went to see the family. The mother was willing for the children to have toxoid because the club member had prepared the way. More and more we expect the club members to take over responsibility for the health of their communities.

In a recent Alabama State Health Conference, this was heard: "Put Public Health into practice through the people. Nurses must drop little routines to do other bigger things. We must push forward. It's more and more, rather than less and less. But new activities must not supersede home visits."

Yes, in God's country the mountains are beautiful, the people are friendly, but the need is appalling. In the health office of one county I was working in there was an endless stream of persons asking for medical help. On the Health Department's records were the names of sixty midwives, but there were only two doctors in the whole county, both older men, unable to go so often as they once could. The nearest hospital was sixty miles away.

It should not be a detriment to live in the country. As Dr. Arthur Raper said at the Southern Mountain Workers' Conference: "It's a good policy to take resources of the nation wherever they are and give them on equitable bases to children wherever they are." Schools are provided free; health is as necessary as education.

Listen! Do we hear the faint stirring of the waters?

*Mountain Boy**Nellie I. Crabb*

You are a young stream  
Leaping from the foot-hills  
To the strange world.  
You are refreshing in your gayety.  
You gurgle with the laughter  
And the pranks of springtime,  
But you carry pebbles  
That were carved from the hill-sides  
Of eternal wisdom.  
We can see them through the spray  
Permeated with mystery,  
The parting gift  
Of Mother Mountain.

*Mountain Mother**Nellie I. Crabb*

Her life rhythm is inherent  
Like the rhythm of the corn she hoes.  
The cycle of the unfolding blade  
Reaching for the warm sun,  
The inevitable blossom and fruition,  
Are mirrored in the passing of her years.  
She is her family's source of strength,  
As unobtrusive as the corn and as familiar.  
Her minutes are unhurried in their passing,  
But their regular insistence moves her.  
She yields gracefully to Time,  
Her partner in the dance of existence.  
She will accept no other partner:  
Frivolity and Fear have been rejected.  
Unhesitating, she steps out the figure  
Till the last chord is strummed.

April, 1939

MOUNTAIN LIFE AND WORK

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*John A. Spelman III*

*Spring*

## TWELVE PEARS HANGING HIGH

JAMES STILL

"Hit's me so thin that keeps the baby puny, a-puking up his milk, holding nothing on his stomach," Mother said. "If I got a scratch, I'd bleed dry. I need a tonic, fleshening me up, 'riching my blood."

Nezzie Crouch sat on the meatbox watching Mother string tiny beans, too young to be picked. She had come up from Blackjack to learn about our moving, walking three miles to carry the word back to the camp. The question waited in her eyes. She took a fresh dip of snuff, holding the tin snuff box in her hand, and pushing the lid down tight. Three red tobacco leaves grew on the wrapper, sticking up through the print.

"Well, now," Nezzie said, opening her stained mouth, "there's cures aplenty for the picking. Ole herb doc down at Blackjack says there's a weed for every ill, if you know what to pick and how to brew proper."

"Picking and brewing, I don't know which, nor how."

"I heered tell a little 'sang is right quickening to the blood."

"Woodsful of 'sang they used to be, but I hain't seen a prong in ten year."

"So scarce hit might nigh swaps for gold."

"Don't reckon they's a sprig left on Carr Creek."

"Well, now, hit ain't all gone. I seen a three-prong coming up from Blackjack a-blooming yellow. I seed that 'sang standing there so fiesty, and I says, 'Hain't that a sight, nobody's grubbed him yet, and I broke a bresh to hide it.'

"Standing there belonging to nobody."

"Agin the road it was; nobody's so far as I see."

"If I had that there root, I'd try it."

"Belonging to nobody but ground and air. Hit growed from a seed nobody dropped. This chap can go piece-way home with me and fotch it back."

Nezzie brought out a sourwood toothbrush and worked it in her mouth, pushing the snuff back into the pocket of her cheek. "I hear tell you're moving to Blackjack agin," she said. She had named it, looking over my head through the door, putting no weight on the words.

Mother finished stringing the beans and hung

the bucket on a peg, bringing out new-dug potatoes to scrape with the dull side of a knife. They were knotty and small. "The mines hain't opened yet," she said. "They keep putting off."

"Tipple's been patched, and they're ready to start. Better chance o' work if you're living in the camp."

"Brack might walk to and from the mine of a day," Mother said.

Nezzie took the toothbrush out of her mouth. "They's a tale going round that you folks are about starved out up here. I see you've got a fair garden patch coming along. Not a grain o' faith I put in such talk."

Mother's hands worked busily over a potato, the skin coming off paper-thin, wasting none of the flesh. "We've got plenty," she said, "a God's plenty." Her voice was as sharp as the bright blade of the knife.

The baby caught hold of the bedfoot and pulled himself up, spreading his legs for balance. Nezzie watched, laughing to see him bend his knees. "Look how he tromps his foot, and hops up and down like a bird in a bush," she said. She bent over him, touching his pale face. "Hit's little hide is so tender. You ought to make that 'sang tea for shore."

\* \* \*

"When it 'gins to blow around the north points of a morning," explained Father, "sign hit's going to weather."

"I hope the rain won't scare the guinea-hen off that nest I set this morning," Mother replied. "Twenty-six eggs there was."

"Now you ought to saved a few out to fry," Father said.

Rain set in before noon, the waters falling thick upon the hills. The draws filled, emptying downward. The martins hid in their gourds, swinging in the drenched air. Little Carr rose, swelling through the willows, swallowing the green rushes. Damp winds whipped around the house, smelling of earth and water.

Mother set the pans where the roof leaked. We pushed the beds catty-cornered, away from the

drips. Father sat on the trunk, the knots of his knees drawn under his chin. Fletch and I crawled on the floor, turning our faces upward, letting drops of water fall into our mouths. Euly came from behind the stove, leaving the corncob poppets to ask a riddle Mother had whispered to her. Her eyes lit up.

Twelve pears hanging high,  
Twelve fellers riding by;  
Now Each took a pear  
And left eleven hanging there.

Father's face widened for he knew the answer, having told Mother this riddle himself. Fletch looked at me, but I did not know how eleven pears could be left hanging. My head felt hollow.

"Hit was a chap six years old sprung that there riddle on me," Father said. "Taulbee Lovern's boy. Sharp as a sprig, that little feller is. Knows his figgers square to a thousand, and says his a-b-abbs, backwards and forwards. Hain't been school-taught neither. Never darked a schoolhouse door."

"I wisht I had me a pear," I said, still trying to figure the riddle.

Father glanced at Mother, his grey eyes burning in the woolly light. "Taulbee Lovern's boy, it was," he said. Mother looked at the baby sleeping at the bedfoot, never lifting her face toward Father.

"Who, now, is Taulbee Lovern?" Euly asked.

Euly's question hung in the room like the great drops of water growing under the shingle roof, stretching before dropping.

"Who is Taulbee Lovern?"

"A child too knowing is liable to die before they're grown," Mother said.

"As bonnie a chap as ever I saw," Father said. "Don't reckon he's drawed a sick breath. Fed and clothed proper since he was born." Father's face got dolesome, and his voice lowered into the sound of rain beating the puncheon walls. He looked into all the corners of the room, at the two beds standing in the middle of the floor, at the empty meatbox, at the ball of clothes piled on the table to keep them dry. He looked at Euly standing by the bedboard, he looked at Fletch and me squatting on the floor listening, our heads cocked to one side. "One chap Taulbee and Doshia had," he said. "Three hundred acres o' land they own, and a passel o' that is bottom flat. Six-room house with two glass windows in every dobbled room. Taul-

bee's tuk care of his own. They've never gone a-lacking."

Mother's face reddened. "I hain't complaining of the way I'm tuk care of," she said. "We hain't starved dead or gone naked yet. I hain't complaining."

"Twelve pears hanging high," Euly began, but we were not listening. "Who is Taulbee Lovern?"

"He was your ma's first beau," Father said. "The man she might o' chose."

The baby opened its eyes.

"Hush," Mother said.

Euly went back to her poppets behind the stove, speaking doll-talk to the cobs. I crawled between the meatbox and the wall, going there to wonder about Taulbee Lovern's boy, and how it would be to know square to the end of everything. I found a sassafras root, and I chewed it, spitting red juice through a crack in the floor. And I wished I had a pear, one as mushy ripe as a frosted pawpaw. I felt I could eat the whole dozen hanging on the riddle-tree.

I licked the flakes of salt off the meatbox with my tongue. An ant marched up and down, feeling along the board, and I saw four grand-daddy spiders. Three were tight in a corner, their pill-bodies hung in a web of legs. A fourth walked alone. I took up a shoe and slapped the proud walker, and he went down, flattened upon the floor. He lay quivering in a puzzle of legs and body. As I watched, he rose up, moving into the corner. I crawled away from the meatbox, not wanting to see again the grey spot where he had bled.

Father held the baby in the flat of his two hands. Little Green stared into his face. "Take me," Father was saying, "I never tuck natural to growing things, a-planting seeds and sticking plows into the ground like Taulbee Lovern. A furrow I run allus did crook like a black-snake's track. A sight o' farming I've done, but it allus rubbed the grain. But give me a pick, and I'll dig as much coal as the next 'un. Now I figger every riddle ought to have an answer. Them mines won't stay closed forever and aye."

Euly brought a poppet for the baby to hold. He looked at it gravely for a moment, clutching the cob in a tallow-white hand, and then began to cry softly, a tearless smothered cry.

"So puny he's been," Mother sighed, "I'm uneasy."

In middle afternoon the rain slacked for a spell. We went out upon the washed earth, stepping on grass clumps to keep clear of the mud. The swollen tide of the creek flowed high above the rushes, whipping the willow tops. A wet wind blew down into the clouds banked against the hills. The martins came out of their gourds, soaring in blunt flight, coming back to sit on the pole.

"Look at that ole-martin-bird picking his teeth with a straw," Fletch said.

\* \* \*

The guinea eggs hatched. The speckled fowls were wild as partridges. They were swift as granny-hatches in the penny-rile. We rarely saw them. The grass tops shook where they fed. The metal clink of their voices grew. Once when it rained they roosted noisily under the house. We looked at them through a floor crack. There were fourteen biddies, and we remembered there had been twenty-six eggs.

"That ole guinea hen hain't got a grain o' sense," Mother said. "She's running them little 'uns square to death, a-taking off through the weeds like a ruffed grouse, a-potter-racking and giving them chicks nary a minute to pick their crows full."

"That's their born nature," Father said. "Guineas are hard raising. Bounden to lose some. Hit's the same way with folks. Hain't everybody lives to rattle their bones. Hain't everybody breathes till their veins get blue as dog-tick stalks."

"Next guinea eggs I set are going to be under a chicken hen," Mother said.

I chose a guinea, claiming it for my own, but afterwards I was never sure which one was mine. Euly chose the littlest. Its feathers were covered with pale freckles thick as hops. "Aye, now," Fletch said, sticking out his lips. "They're all belongen to me."

"Just so I get in on the eating," Father laughed. "I bet one would be good battered and fried, tender as snail horns."

"Hain't nigh big enough," Mother said. "Would be wasting meat."

Father lifted his head from the crack. There was hunger in his eyes, a longing for meat which our garden patch could not cure. "If I had some gun

shells, I'd go hunting a coon," he said. "I seed some tracks this morning."

"I got a fine mess o' squash cooking for dinner," Mother said.

Father sat down on the meatbox. "Recollect the time we had boiled gourds for dinner?" he asked Mother.

"I do right well. I come across four gourds one day growing behind the barn when we lived on Quicksand Creek. Yeller and pretty they were, looking a sight like summer squash, not having any necks to speak of."

"O them beans tasted like a gall pie. Recollect?"

"Chickens would even touch 'um."

"A fowl's got a taster like folks. You never seed one peck a gourd."

Father got off the meatbox and pushed the lid aside. He plowed his hands through the salt lumps. "Hain't even a pig knuckle here," he said. "This box holds nothing but a hungry smell." He dug deeper, straining the loose grains through his fingers. Something clung to his hand, a thin white stripping, a finger wide. "Looks like a johnny-hump-back," he said. It did look like a worm.

"Hell's bangers," Father said. "It's a scrap o' meat." He rubbed the salt off and held it up. "Scwbelly," he said, and it was.

"Wouldn't fill your hollow tooth," Mother scoffed. "It's that little."

Mother washed the meat string. She held it over the pot. It dangled in her hand. We watched. It looked pine-blank like a johnny-hump-back.

"Wait," Father said. "It hain't big enough to give a taste to that pile of squash-mush. Bile it up in a little broth for the baby."

\* \* \*

The Butterfly Mine loaded its first gon of coal the last week in June. Word came up the river, drifting back into the creek hollows. Scratchback Mine put fifty men hauling fallen jackrock, and setting new timbers. The Elkhorn blew its steam whistle one morning at three o'clock. The blast rose out of Boone's Fork, across He Creek and She Creek, lifting into the hills of the upper Kentucky River country. A shift of men were going into the diggings for the first time in eight months. Roosters waked, crowing. Our guinea hen flew noisily out of the black birch.

Father got up and lighted a fire in the stove. The

shagged splinters trembled in his hands. He piled in wood until flames roared up the rusty pipe. The top of the stove reddened, the cracks and seams of the castiron becoming alive, traced like rivers on a map's face. Hoofs clattered along Carr Creek before daylight. Men came down out of the ridges in twos and ones, hats slanted, feet out of the stirrups, riding toward Elkhorn and Scratchback. A pony went by, shoeless, feet whispering on the rocky ground. A man rode barebones.

"They're wanting coal up at the big lakes," Father said. "Hit'll be going over the waters to some foreign country land."

After breakfast Father got out his mine lamp, polished the brass with spit and a woollen sleeve. "Hit's been a long dry spell," he said, "but they'll be working at Blackjack soon. Any day now, aye gonnies. Tipple's been fixed. A new spur o' track laid up to the driftmouth. Patched up the camp houses a sight too."

"It's only two miles down to Blackjack," Mother said. "I figger you could walk it of a day. Pity to fotch the baby off into a camp, and it so puny."

"We'll get a house yon side of the slag pile this time, away from the smoke," Father said.

"Smoke blowing and a-blacking, no matter where you set down in Blackjack holler. I recollect the last move we made into the camp. Tobacco cuds stuck in the cracks, snuff dips staining the room corners, and a stink all over. I biled water by the pot and tub, washing and scrubbing, making hit so you could draw a healthy breath."

"Living here, it'll get me home after dusty dark. I reckon we ought to move down."

Father started off toward Blackjack. We watched him move along the creekroad, his long restless stride eating dirt, pushing the distance back. The grass birds droned out of the bottom fields as he approached. The forkturn swallowed him, and we went into the garden to pick bugs. The baby crawled between the bean vines, pulling at the runners. I gave him a wax bean to nibble with his new milk teeth. He gobbed it down, wanting more. I gave him a yellow tomato. He bit it, making a wry face. He sucked the tender pulp out, and then cried because I feared to give him another. Mother came from the far potato rows. She sat down on a crabgrass clump and opened

her bosom. The baby jumped in her lap, beating tiny fists in the air.

"He's might nigh starved," I said, scared the bean and tomato were going to colic him.

"When your pap sets to work, I can buy me a tonic," Mother said. "The baby will fatten up then. I been taking 'sang tea, but it does me no good earthy."

I got more worried the baby would get sick. I made a whistle from a young hickory sprout for him. I found a June bug and tied a sewing thread to its legs, letting him hold the thread while the bug flew around and around, wings humming like a dulcimer string. But Green didn't get sick. He ate two bean leaves before I could snatch them away.

Father came home in early afternoon. His arms were full of pokes. We ran to meet him, even Mother going down the path a way. We grabbed the pokes Father carried, running ahead, shouting up to Mother, holding the shuck brown bags aloft. We emptied them on the table. There was a five-pound bucket of lard, with a shoat drawn on the bucket. Brown sugar in a glass jar. A square of sowbelly, thin and hairy. A white-dusty sack of flour, and on it a picture-piece of a woman holding an armful of wheat straws. And there was a tin box of black pepper, and a double handful of coffee beans.

We looked in wonder, not being able to speak, knowing only that a great hunger crawled inside of us, and that our tongues were moistening our lips. The smell of meat and parched coffee hung in the room.

"I start digging tomorrow," Father said, drawing himself tall and straight. The string of red peppers hanging from the rafters tipped his head. "They put my name on the books, and I drawed these victuals out of the commissary on credit."

A lean hand reached toward the table, blue-veined and bony. It was Mother's, touching the sugar jar, the red-haired meat, the flour sack. Suddenly she threw an apron over her head, turning away from us. She made hardly a sound, no more than a tick-beetle.

Euly held the sugar jar over the baby's head, and he reached toward it with both hands. "Twelve pears hanging high," she said.

"We hain't moving down to the camp after all,"

Father said. "Least-ways, not before winter sets in. That Blackjack school won't open up till September, I heered."

Father lighted a fire in the stove. I fetched three buckets of water from the spring, not feeling

the weary pull of the hill, not resting between buckets. The nobby heads of the guineas stuck out of the weeds behind the house, potter-racking. The smell of frying meat grew upon the air, growing larger than the thought of ripe pears, or the body of any hunger.

## HOME CRAFTS AND OUR OWN TIME

MATTIS HORLEN

(Translated from the Swedish by Ruth D. Parker)<sup>1</sup>

That home crafts are again beginning to have a place in the sun is a fact about which no one needs be in doubt. Home crafts are found in nearly every exhibit, and it is now very easy to get pictures and articles concerning them into the newspapers.

Among the country people, home crafts have, in the strictest sense, never been entirely laid aside—on the contrary, districts can be found where, practically speaking, the old self-sufficient householding is still in existence—but among the general public interest is growing, especially among the young girls. Many clubs in the country, such as the House Wives' Association, Young Farmers' Association, Swedish Country Women, etc., have home crafts in their program and institute spinning contests and craft exhibits.

Other groups, moreover, are also showing an awakened interest. Industrial workers, who for a couple of generations have been separated almost entirely from the making of useful things for themselves, have begun to have their eyes opened to the worth and pleasure of personally making an article for the home. Even such a twentieth century phenomenon as modern sport encourages the making of one's own sport clothes.

The authorities have also shown a heartening interest by setting aside greater funds for home crafts work. In this matter the Report of the Commission appointed by the Swedish Riksdag to investigate the supplementary incomes in rural

districts has especially been an enlightening and encouraging factor.

The manufacture of articles for one's own use—the so-called "household" crafts—has gained greater reality through the awakening interest in good quality, which is becoming more and more important. Especially for farming people, who, as a rule, have little cash, the only possibility of obtaining good quality wares is to make them themselves from the products of the farm in their spare time. In this way the price of the material is reduced to a fraction and the cost of manufacture becomes practically nothing because the work is done in spare moments snatched during the regular day's work.

Unfortunately there is also a hindrance—the scarcity of labor in rural areas. As a compensation for this we point to recent house improvements, such as running water, sewerage connections, and heating systems. Even though the solution of the problem does not lie in these, at least a part of the housewife's time and strength is freed by them for more productive work, and who knows if the greater contentment which follows better dwellings and the possibility of a supplementary income through home crafts cannot perhaps entice girls to remain in the country?

If we can thus say that homecrafts are moving toward a renaissance, we cannot say that all difficulties and problems are solved. On the contrary these gather more thickly than ever.

The first difficulty involves the *quality* of homecrafts. Does our Swedish homecraft really always stand as high as we would like to have it? No, not always—to put it mildly! Following a period when home crafts—even the best—were underrated, they have now received a halo, which

<sup>1</sup> This article, originally printed in 1936 in the Scandinavian magazine, *Form*, is published because it should prove of real interest to those in the Southern Appalachians who know that here, too, "home crafts are beginning to have a place in the sun." The translation has been approved and amended by Frk. Horlen. —Ed.

in and for itself is very gratifying, but which at the same time dulls criticism. There are people who immediately become enthusiastic when something is offered for sale as "home craft"—"Nothing is so strong and genuine as home crafts!" It is therefore entirely natural that some less scrupulous firms capitalize upon the situation by advertising "home craft curtains, bedspreads, etc." which have no connection with home crafts other than a distorted old pattern.

But this trick is too obvious for an enlightened public. It is worse with wares that really are hand-made, but whose quality, patterns and colors are so decidedly below the standard that both home crafts' and industry's conscientious workers refuse to have anything to do with them. Such home crafts are very common; they are sold at our doors, on the streets and squares.

The most pressing matter just now is to get *good and practical* patterns sent out through support of the state. Through an inventory of the old crafts, there is already a considerable pattern collection, which at present lies partly wrapped away in museums and private collections. This must be made available again to the public.

Many of these articles can be directly copied, even in our day, others need perhaps to be worked over, but above all, directions for materials, loom set-up, proportions, and colors must accompany them. Besides these, we need new patterns. Our day must also have the opportunity to give its contribution, and I believe the simplest way to strike a blow to the present dearth of patterns is through a collection of pattern plates with an accompanying catalogue which could be published cheaply in a large edition. With the spread of functionalism we have gotten light walls and cleaner lines in our dwellings. Hence also the Swedish home crafts with their wealth of colors and patterns have again the greatest possibilities of making themselves important. Let us make use of them!

Another matter which is also necessary is the establishment of *consulting experts in crafts* in each province. They should be not only matchlessly expert in hundreds of loom set-ups, but, first and foremost, competent to give good advice in the adaptation of crafts in the home, and they should have such a manner that ordinary folk will nat-

urally and trustfully turn to them. If these consulting experts could also keep an eye on school crafts and give advice to members of sewing circles in the selection of handwork—then we would be well on the right way.

There is a growing *interest for the material*. Aside from the justice in the fact that even the work formerly considered so unworthy is now judged and rewarded in the same way as an achievement in the realm of sports, there lies great value in the possibility of the material knowledge one receives in handling a textile from beginning to end. Hand spinning makes the finest ennobling of textile raw materials. We need only remember the Angermanland linens and the knitting yarn from the wool of Lantras Sheep.

But one cannot, naturally, build on hand spinning in any large scale. Good spinning machines for home craft yarns are absolutely necessary. Besides, specially trained people are needed for sorting and processing the wool. Organized home crafts ought, for that matter, to have a department here, which industry in an entirely different way adopted early in its production—namely, a scientific research study of the material. Through various types of experiments one would thus be able to get certain qualities for different purposes. The collected experience which former generations of housemothers handed down to their daughters and housemaids no longer exists; science has, however, given us considerably more exact and dependable methods for learning these matters and it is our task to use them.

When crafts in general rise to a higher standard, greater possibilities will be created for those who through working at crafts will obtain a supplementary income. Here we come into contact with one of the most difficult problems our day has to solve. The report already cited pointed out the sharp *need for a supplementary income* for large groups of our population, a need which will increase in times of depression. Under the present conditions, the Home Crafts Guilds are able to place only a limited number of orders, owing both to lack of a sufficiently large number of skilled artisans as well as to lack of funds. With only one sales agency in each province it is furthermore a practical impossibility to reach the general public in a land where distances are so great. The only

solution is either to establish more sales centers—and that is certainly out of the question at present—or to supply home crafts to other shops, for example, sport equipment to the shops specializing in that branch, house equipment and decorations to others, etc.

It ought to be a natural thing for Home Crafts Guilds to act as distributors of quality wares—partly because the production should be under responsible control and the ware bear a registered tag, partly because the Guilds already have close contact with rural crafts.

This is the great social program of the home-crafts—on the one side to see to the first-class production of minor crafts, on the other to organize the selling on a rational basis. It is of greatest importance that the wares be spread to a wide public, which naturally brings with it increased possibilities for work in the folk groups which do home crafts. With the realization of this program it should also lie in the interest of the authorities to support it with a sufficient grant.

Finally, I have still a couple of wishes I should like to bring out: the establishment of *craft space for city people* and a more general use of crafts in hospitals.

As regards craft locations, I should like to put the question why in the world city folk should be so badly off as regards the possibilities of making something for their own use. More than one industrial worker has complained of the fact that he has had no place in which to work at some manual labor in his free time. Just as millions of kroner—and justly so—are spent on sport, etc., so the authorities as well as individuals ought to be able to contribute to the realization of so worth-while a cause. A cellar space in each apartment house could certainly house a couple of carpenter's benches and as many looms, and the inhabitants should be able to use them somewhat as one now uses the laundry and ironing rooms. The cost would be small, but the benefit and joy of such an arrangement would be great.

Is it not remarkable that the only distinctive American music has come from the Negro folk songs, the ballads of the Mountaineers, and the songs of the Western cowboys; from the work songs of the common people?

Dwight Sanderson

The introduction of crafts in hospitals is also a worthwhile project. The equipment of a workroom where different household tools, or perhaps toys for the hospital's small patients, could be made, would greatly speed convalescence by drawing sick people away from their own troubles; just as no cost is spared to give all possible medical aid to the patient's recovery, so this arrangement should also lie within the bounds of possibility.

As a summary of the most important tasks for the immediate future I therefore wish to list:

1. Publication of pattern plates for the general public.
2. Appointment of consulting experts in crafts for each province.
3. Increased production of materials for home crafts with technical handling, control, and a thorough scientific study of the material.
4. Ordering of sales centers on a more rational basis.
5. Arrangement of craft rooms for city people.
6. Introduction of crafts for hospital patients.
7. Last, but not least in importance—the training of textile artists and other personnel members within home crafts to be more up-to-date, with special consideration of the tasks sketched above.

The above named suggestions and wishes are not all new. Most of them have been on the program of organized home crafts for several decades. Because of the growing interest in home crafts all over the country, however, these problems come to the fore with quite a different intensity than formerly, and the leaders within the home crafts movement are confronted with the double task of preserving the worthwhile in what we have now, and by paying close attention to present demands, to lead the movement in ways that will be of benefit to all our people. Both tasks are important, the second no less than the first.

# GRANDFATHER

HELEN CARLOCK

My grandfather died last March. The special delivery letter bringing news of his death came one morning before class. I read it almost with relief. I was not sorry.

I remember him, not as he was during his illness, but as the squat, square, hearty person he had been. He always wore his breeches so tight at the band that his stomach protruded over the top. Even during the coldest weather he wore blue denim jumpers. He would have scoffed at an overcoat. His hair was thick and white, and in winter he often let his beard grow "to keep his face warm." Mother always clipped it for him. When he wanted it cut, he would bring his clippers over, and, running his hand over his beard, would say, speculatively, "See this?" With beard freshly clipped, he looked quite different. The muffled appearance was gone, his face looked more clear cut.

Grandfather was a strange person. There was a vast restlessness about him, which seemed to drive him endlessly toward action. When he became too old to work, he used to be going continually about some unimportant task. He would say to grandmother, "Ain't you got somethin' fer me to do?" Or given some task, he would come back to ask, "What now?" Churning was one of his particular jobs. In summer he used a big barrel churn, which turned with a hand crank. That churn fascinated me very much. Sometimes he would let me turn it, but I could never get quite the measured turn which he thought necessary for making butter. Besides churning, grandfather had his chores at the barn—feeding the chickens, watering the cow and milking. He carefully hoarded these routine duties, performing them methodically and punctually each day. They saved him from feeling that he was worn out and useless.

Trips to the store and post office were of major importance to him. Even if he had no particular reason for going, he liked to go and sit a while among the loafers. Lacking any other occupation, he would sit reading for hours. His chief reading material was the Bible, a weekly news sheet and the county paper. In summer, when he tired of read-

ing and there was nothing else he could do, he sat on the front porch with his fly swatter. With his legs spread out in front of him, he waited for the first fly to light. When too many flies accumulated around him, he carefully raked them into a crack in the porch floor. He had a chicken which he trained to eat flies. He started training it, gradually, by calling it up and offering flies from the swatter. Finally, it became so proficient that it came running as soon as it heard the slap of the fly swatter. Having a chicken to eat flies was unimportant in itself, but the opportunity for concentration and the enjoyment which it gave grandfather was very valuable.

My earliest memories of grandfather are colored with the awe and fear which we grandchildren felt for him. He was impatient with us; our boisterous playing bothered him. He liked everything pigeon-holed, exactly in place. Children interfered with his sense of orderliness. If we ran through the house slamming doors, he would be sure to call out, "Here! here!" His gruff voice sounded very formidable to us.

There was one thing grandfather was very particular about. That was his well pump. He thought it should be used only in a certain slow, rhythmical fashion; children would "jerk it too much." During dry weather, we carried our water from grandfather's. Sometimes when he was not around, I pumped my own water. Grandmother didn't care; she only smiled in a knowing way and asked me to pump a fresh bucket for her, too. If grandfather came while I was pumping, he would stamp into the well-house shouting, "Here, here, let me do that!" I always trembled a little, but felt that he was not so gruff as he sounded.

Grandfather came often to our house, but he never stayed. The same restlessness which kept him constantly inventing small tasks would not let him sit quietly with us. He would sit talking to father, or watch us going about our work for a while; soon, however, he would get stiffly to his feet, take up his walking stick and start toward the door. In answer to our remonstrances, he

would say, "No, I've got to 'mosey' back." And "mosey" he did.

During Christmas vacation of my freshman year, I noticed a beginning change in my grandfather. He moved more slowly and breathed with apparent effort after the least exertion. There was a brooding quality about him, and he became more restless than ever. The closeness of a room seemed to smother him. Trips to the store and post office became fewer. The last time he was at our house, he seemed reluctant to leave. Mother, seeing him hesitate, offered to walk home with him. He shook his head. He hated pity or any show of weakness.

Soon he was forced to stay in bed. His freedom-loving spirit could know no worse fate. He was not an easy person to care for. He was impatient with all who waited on him, never losing his gruffness of manner. He begged for his clothes until the very last. Almost every morning he would say to grandmother, "Where's my clothes? Why don't you hurry up and bring 'em? I want up from here."

I saw him again before he died. Even now the memory of that shock breaks over me with fresh reality. He had been a rather fleshy man, but then his gaunt figure scarcely made a bulge under the thin covering of a sheet. His face was ashen, hollowed, shrunken. There were only his mouth and eyes to assure me that he was my grandfather. When I went near him, there was no awakening gleam of recognition on his face. Grandmother told him, loudly, who I was. He began to cry in a weak, piteous voice, as if trying to grasp again something he had lost. It was as if I had brought back, for a moment, the memory of his former active life. He never seemed natural to me again. Others became accustomed to seeing him lie wretchedly still, but I never did. So when they wrote me that he was dead at last, I could not be sorry. I hoped, instead, that somewhere he had found a resting place for his unquiet spirit, that he would not feel, there, the continual urge to "mosey on."

## *Christian Youth Conference on Southern Labor and Economic Problems*

D. B. ROBERTSON

The Berea College Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. sponsored a second intercollegiate labor conference March 10-12. The first conference of this kind was held last school year. Forty-two out-of-town delegates attended the meetings. Among these were students, and in some cases, faculty members from Sue Bennett, Center, and Transylvania Colleges, Pleasant Hill Academy, Louisville Municipal University, University of Louisville, Lincoln Institute, University of Kentucky, Fisk University, and Kentucky Agricultural and Industrial Institute.

The Conference leaders were Rev. Ralph Holdeman, of Louisville; Rev. Edwin White, from Pleasant Hill, Tennessee; Mr. Malcolm Ross, of the National Labor Relations Board, Washington, D. C.; and Miss Lucy Mason, Public Relations Person for the Congress for Industrial Organization in the South. Mr. Ellsworth Smith, of Berea, summarized the conference.

Mr. Holdeman led the first meeting, discussing

the subject, "Relevance of Religion to Social Change." Among other things, Mr. Holdeman stated that we who look into the teachings of Jesus find there no social program already worked out. And in the history of the church of Jesus Christ, there are numerous cases in which the church has stood in the way of social reform, social progress, and social justice. There is, however, he maintained, a force, a power, that can come from religion, giving to a social program that fire and drive that are necessary.

Mr. White, the author of *Highland Heritage*, dealt particularly with the problems confronting the people of the Southern Highlands. After giving figures showing how the folk of the hills have increased in number and need, Mr. White offered a few specific suggestions as to the beginning of a remedy. "Unused land," he said, "is being held out by land companies and coal companies, that are usually in another part of the country. This is often much better land than what the people

around are farming. The Danes and the British have both broken up the big estates and given the land to the people who want to farm. We are hopelessly behind in America. We have got to get people on the land. That will be bucked by farmers in Iowa and Illinois. They want to sell their stuff to everybody. But there is a big population that ought to be able to live reasonably well and grow their own food. We need a big expansion of the agricultural extension system—more agricultural agents and home demonstration agents—to show the people how to grow things and what to grow and what to eat. The way we should organize relief is to bring in agriculture and home economics people who can help folk to grow their own living."

Speaking for organized labor, particularly in the coal industry, and for the National Labor Relations Board, Mr. Ross traced the life of the coal industry in Kentucky from its comparatively recent birth to its sickness unto death today. He showed how the NLRB had attempted, successfully in numerous instances, to increase civil liberties in areas where labor organization has been fought. Comparing the number of strikes before and after the creation of the NLRB, Mr. Ross indicated a considerable drop in the number since the Board began action.

That organized labor is the hope of the industrial laborer, Mr. Ross holds very strongly. And the split between the A.F. of L. and the CIO limits to a great extent the effectiveness of the labor movement in finding an answer to the worker's needs. "I do not idealize unions," said Mr. Ross. "I think unions ought to be a lot more concerned with education and cooperatives. The only excuse is that unions have been engaged in fighting tough battles and have not had time to work these things out. . . By joining a union you don't do anything unless you go on from there in working out a better life for yourself and others."

Speaking of the textile workers in the South, Miss Mason stated that "the fear psychology has been thoroughly applied." Workers' fear of losing their jobs and of civic disapproval has prevented the labor movement in the textile industry from attaining very great effectiveness. "Another thing we should notice," she continued, is that since the

NLRB has been declared constitutional, strikes among the textile workers have greatly decreased. On the other hand, lockouts have been very many. If the NLRB finds the majority of the workers in the mills want the CIO to represent them, over and over again the mills have closed down and stayed down . . . But unions are inevitable."

What is going to happen when industry is signed up? The results, according to Miss Mason, will be:

"1. The workers are going to have more stability, protection, security.

"2. Life will be better for the cotton manufacturers. There will be uniformity. They are going to know that their rivals cannot destroy their business by undercutting.

"3. It will affect society by increasing purchasing power."

Ellsworth Smith, in summarizing the conference, emphasized the need which we often hear discussed; namely, the need to find some plan for production for use rather than for profit. Among the specific suggestions made by Mr. Smith were these: work through our educational system, our schools, in teaching people how to grow things to eat and what to eat; small rural industries; cooperatives.

In the closing session of the conference, some suggestions were made concerning what students on college campuses might do in relation to the whole southern labor and economic predicament. There might be a committee appointed which could supply campuses constantly with a program of work they might follow all through the year. Student cooperative organizations make a good training laboratory for work with community cooperatives. Field trips may be organized to acquaint students with conditions in their immediate surroundings, to meet with local labor unions, and to visit experiment centers such as Highlander Folk School. Students may keep informed concerning pending social legislation. Finally, we can all become more and more informed and intelligent concerning the social changes that are taking place, and then we may become more effective in bringing about the changes that should take place.

## WHAT THEY ARE DOING

### *Spring Meeting of Handicraft Guild*

The Southern Highland Handicraft Guild met for the annual spring business session and election of officers in the Home Economics Building of the University of Tennessee, at Knoxville, March 10. Roll call was answered by eleven craft centers and five individual craftsmen. In addition, 39 visitors and friends were also present, some of these coming from such distant places as Kansas, Michigan and China. President O. J. Mattil welcomed the guests and said that the Guild was always happy to know others interested in the ideals and work of the crafts. Mr. Vincent Bucher and Mr. Lewis Baldwin of the Shannondale Cooperative at Gladden, Missouri, were particularly interested in the work of the Guild. Said Mr. Bucher: "We are especially interested in your craft work. We have a long way to go before we will have much to show, but a little later we hope we will have something to invite you to. Right now we're pretty small!"

Upon recommendation of the Committee on Membership and Standards, the Guild voted the following to membership as Producing Centers: Cherokee Indian School, Cherokee, North Carolina; The Cottage Weavers, Berea College, Berea, Kentucky; as an Individual Craftsman: Mrs. Pauline Overcash, Franklin, North Carolina.

The vacancies on the Board of Directors were filled as follows: Miss Louise Pitman, John C. Campbell Folk School; Mr. George Bent, Berea College Student Industries; Dr. Frank C. Foster, Asheville Normal and Teachers College. The retiring members are Mr. George Hessman of the Arthurdale Association; Mrs. J. K. Stoddard, Mountain Cabin Quilters; Miss Elizabeth Watts, Hindman Settlement School.

Mr. O. J. Mattil and Miss Helen Dingman were unanimously re-elected Guild president and secretary, respectively, and Miss Louise Pitman as secretary of the Board.

The Guild is especially proud of the Frances E. Goodrich Collection, the very valuable nucleus of a museum collection for the preservation of old crafts, which is now on exhibit at the Florence

Stevenson Building of the Asheville Normal and Teachers College. A recent purchase is a valuable old quilt. The Guild voted a substantial sum to be used to add to this collection. E. G. B.

### *Folk School Short Course in Recreation*

The tenth annual recreation Short Course at the John C. Campbell Folk School, Brasstown, North Carolina, will be divided this year into two parts of one week each, instead of one ten-day course. The first week, May 29-June 3, will be for those who have had little or no experience in singing games or folk dancing, or who want more elementary material; the second week, June 6-10, for the more advanced.

Miss May Gadd, the head of the English Folk Dance and Song Society of America, has been secured for the second week. Miss Gadd, who taught at the Christmas vacation school in Berea last December, is an outstanding teacher of English folk dances, and will bring a wealth of material on the traditions behind these dances. In addition to singing games and folk dancing, there will be folk songs, discussions, and talks bearing on recreation and rural life problems. The first week there will be a class in the making and playing of shepherds' pipes and the second week a class in puppetry.

Meals will be served starting Monday supper either week; the last meal, Sunday breakfast. The cost of room and board will be \$8.00 a week, with a tuition fee of \$4.00 charged the second week to defray expenses of Miss Gadd. An extra charge of \$1.50 will be made for those who wish to take both weeks, to cover board during the interim. Enrollment is limited to 35 in either week. Those wishing full particulars may write to Mrs. Georg Bidstrup at the Folk School.

### *Inauguration at Barbourville*

Dr. Conway Boatman was inaugurated late in March as ninth president of Union College, Barbourville, Kentucky, to succeed Dr. John O. Gross. Dr. Boatman, formerly president of Snead Junior College in Alabama, has had ex-

perience in education work in other parts of the United States, and also in Europe and Asia. He has been acting head of Union College since January of this year.

#### Anniversary Marked

The Board of Trustees of Baxter Seminary, Baxter, Tennessee, have by official action set aside September 10, as a day of thanksgiving, personal consecration and sacrificial giving, to be observed every year by the school and the community. This marks the date of the return to Baxter Seminary of President and Mrs. Harry L. Upperman, who for a brief period were working in Nebraska.

#### Conference on Cooperative Educational Techniques

There is to be at Greenville, South Carolina, May 18-20, a conference on cooperatives and cooperative education for the southeastern region, with the general theme, "Educating People to Help Themselves."

The conference is sponsored by a steering committee and list of sponsors made up of educators, field workers and cooperative leaders of the region. Drs. James Myers, J. Henry Carpenter and George Haynes of the Federal Council of Churches and Dr. Mark A. Dawber of the Home Missions Council are throwing the full force of their organizations into the conference.

Among the leaders will be Rev. J. D. Nelson MacDonald, of Baddeck, Nova Scotia, a Protestant minister influential in the Nova Scotia cooperative movement; Mr. E. R. Bowen, of the Cooperative League; Mr. Murray D. Lincoln, of the Ohio Farm Bureau Cooperatives; Dr. Howard Odum and Dr. Rupert Vance of the University of North Carolina; and Dr. Kingsley Roberts, whose speciality is cooperative medicine.

The emphasis of the conference will be on an appraisal of the possibilities of cooperative educational techniques in helping the people of the southeast to solve their economic and social problems. It will distinctly not be a promotional conference.

Anyone in the southern mountain area interested in attending the conference should write to Mr. Ellsworth M. Smith of the Conference of

Southern Mountain Workers in Berea, Kentucky, or Dr. R. M. Grumman of the Extension Division University of North Carolina, Chapel Hill.

#### Group Hospitalization at Berea

One of the most popular services which the Berea Community Cooperative has provided for its members in the first three years of its history has been group hospitalization. For a payment of \$9.00 a year, a member is entitled to a \$5.00 private room in any recognized hospital in the United States for hospitalization for a period of at least twenty-one days in any one year. This increases to thirty days for the fifth year. Husband and wife may take out a family policy for an annual payment of \$20.40 which will insure them and all their children under nineteen years of age for the same service as described above. This family policy provides for a straight payment of a \$40.00 maternity benefit. The number of adult members availing themselves of this service has increased from 57 the first year to 164 the third year, including 28 family policies. The Berea society was one of the first groups to avail itself of the new Kentucky law legalizing cooperative hospitalization associations.

Group hospitalization is one of the few services which the Berea Cooperative is able to render its non-resident members, because all are eligible wherever they may reside. Even the student who graduates, and the faculty member who leaves Berea, since they maintain their contact with their Cooperative, are able through it to have the advantage of group hospitalization, which otherwise might not be available. They may use this service to interest others in cooperation and may begin to build up an interested group by adding one by one to the membership in the parent cooperative—without having to wait to get a larger group to organize for the usual cooperative services which require capital outlay and incorporation. When they have thus interested and identified with the cooperative movement a sufficiently large number, they will be strong enough to organize a local cooperative of their own. As the years go on, the Berea Community Cooperative hopes in this way to be instrumental in helping start many such local cooperatives in the mountains through individual

vidual members or groups of members who leave Berea.

Its services for this purpose are available not only to those who are now its members in Berea, but also for any individuals who may wish to avail themselves of its services. It welcomes into its membership anyone who may wish to join it. The isolated individual interested in belonging to a cooperative and in availing himself of group hospitalization and other services which the Berea Community Cooperative renders to its non-resident members may subscribe for a \$5.00 share and pay for it in full or in installments.

Individual hospitalization for those not already members is also made available by the payment of \$3.75 quarterly for the first year and \$2.25 quarterly thereafter. The first quarter dues pay for a \$1.00 hospitalization registration fee, \$2.25 regular quarterly fee, and \$.50 first installment on the \$5.00 Cooperative share. The other three dues pay the balance of the Cooperative share. The other three dues pay the balance of the Cooperative share with the regular hospitalization fees. Scores of Berea cooperators testify to the help hospitalization has been to them financially, and to the part it has played in speeding their recovery through the assurance that hospital bills, ranging from \$8.00 to \$110.00, were provided for.

A.G.W.

#### *Shoe-Repair and Dry-Cleaning*

The Berea Community Cooperative has just taken stock of its first year's experience with contracts with local firms for dry-cleaning-pressing and shoe-repair services for its members. Six hundred of its members have availed themselves of the advantages of these contracts which have saved for them something over \$220 in patronage returns.

The shoe-repair contract provides for a rebate quarterly to the Cooperative of ten per cent of the cash and carry business of its members. The dry-cleaning-pressing contract gives twenty per cent. One-fourth of this is retained by the Cooperative for a reserve fund and the balance is distributed quarterly to the members according to their patronage. The members pay the regular price at the time of receiving the service, so the Rochdale principle of paying the market price is maintained.

The business relations with the two local firms have been very satisfactory and the amount of business is steadily increasing.

The Cooperative was led to enter into this arrangement at the request of its student members who were asking the Cooperative to render these services for them. The Cooperative did not deem it equitable to establish additional competing businesses as two local firms were willing to render this service for the Cooperative members and to give them the benefit of the savings which the cash and carry business of the cooperators made possible.

A.G.W.

#### *Notes from Asheville Agricultural School*

At the Asheville Agricultural School, Fletcher, North Carolina, a "Junior Dorcas Society" has been organized by a group of ten girls to help provide and maintain a supply of children's clothing, with the emphasis on layettes, for use in surrounding mountain areas. The girls will "gather, mend, sew, or make over any garments or materials they can get"; they have also painted and lined orange boxes for bassinets.

The school has set aside Hospital Day, May 12, as an annual health day on which special recognition will be given to those students who have lost no time because of illness, and who have had remedial work done following their physical check-up.

#### *Travel Club*

For some two or three years the Travel Club of Hindman Settlement School has read, talked and discussed other places and people. This fall the members said they were tired of talking only, and wished they could see some other territory for themselves. As a result, in a week of travel around the State of Kentucky, April 10-15, twelve students, two instructors and two friend-chauffeurs visited Louisville, the State University at Lexington, My Old Kentucky Home, the old Fort at Harrodsburg, and Berea College. Miss Clara M. Standish, instructor in chemistry, and Miss Harriet Howard, teacher of weaving, sponsored the Hindman group and went as chaperons.

To earn money for this excursion, the members

of the club began in November to sell candy on the school grounds. By the first of March they had collected \$50, part of which was used to pay expenses on this trip.

#### Folk Dance Camp

August 12-19, and 19-26 are the dates for the summer camp of the English Folk Dance and Song Society of America, to be held at Pinewoods Camp, on Long Pond, near Plymouth, Massachusetts. Opportunity is given for "a thorough study of Country, Morris and Sword dances" under the direction of experts in English folk dancing. Classes are graded so that beginners as well as advanced dancers may attend the camp. Mrs. Richard Conant and Miss May Gadd are directors of the camp.

Charges for tuition and room and board are \$30 for a single week, or \$50 for the two weeks. For full particulars write the English Folk Dance Society of America, 15 East 40th Street, New York City.

#### Third Nova Scotia Tour

The third annual Cooperative Conference-Tour of Nova Scotia will be held from August 21 to September 2 this year. The Rural and Industrial Conference of the Nova Scotia Cooperatives will be held August 21-23; on the afternoon of August 23 tour members will see the festival of Scottish Highland games. On the following three days a tour conference, led by Dr. J. J. Tompkins, Dr. M. M. Coady, Mr. A. B. McDonald, Sister Marie Michael and others, will precede the week's travel to more than twenty communities of eastern Nova Scotia and Cape Breton Island.

The Conference is arranged under the auspices

of the Cooperative League of America and the Extension Department of St. Francis Xavier University, Antigonish. Tour leaders this year will be Rev. Hartley J. Hartman, Brooklyn, New York; Rev. John C. Rawe, S. J., Omaha, Nebraska; Mr. Glenn W. Thompson, Minneapolis, Minnesota; Mr. C. Maurice Wieting, New York City. Miss Cora J. Russell, of Danbury, Connecticut, and Mr. Elliott V. Fleckles, Mount Hermon, Massachusetts, will lead special parties of teachers and librarians, respectively.

The registration is limited to 200 people. Those desiring further information may write to the Cooperative League of the U.S.A., 167 West 12th Street, New York City.

#### Dobyns Day

The School of the Ozarks each year celebrates Dobyns Day in commemoration of Dr. William Ray Dobyns, one of its founders and member of its original Board of Trustees. This year the program will be held April 21, when dogwood will be in bloom in Missouri. The program will include speeches, a banquet, and special music by the students of the school. Dobyns Day is "without doubt the most important day of the year at the School of the Ozarks."

#### Low-cost Medicine

Utah residents soon will be able to buy dental service for \$10 a year under a plan sponsored by the state dental association to cover complete dental advice, instruction in mouth hygiene, treatment of soft tissue disease, scaling, cleaning, silver alloy fillings and extractions. Low additional payments make possible this same care for entire families.

All progress depends on leadership, and leadership arises from a divine discontent with existing conditions . . . But if this leadership is to be permanently successful, it must recognize that no movement can succeed which depends solely upon *employed* leadership. The ultimate success of any movement depends upon its enlistment of local lay leaders who serve a cause because of their devotion to it, and the test of employed or professional leadership is the degree to which it can enlist and train local leaders.

Dwight Sanderson

## MOUNTAIN MATERNAL HEALTH LEAGUE PROGRESS

To the 1935 Conference of Southern Mountain Workers, word came of the maternal health work being done in Logan, West Virginia, under the Friends Service Committee. Mrs. Richmond Page, of Philadelphia, who had just visited the center, thrilled the delegates with new hope of solving an old problem; she told of the simple plan of a nurse working under a medical advisory board, taking to the isolated mountain mothers a simple inexpensive contraceptive with instructions.

Encouraged by Mrs. Page's word that financial assistance might be available in getting a nurse, several women in the Berea community quickly called a group to meet Mrs. Page on her way home from Knoxville. An organization was effected, and at the next meeting of the Conference of Southern Mountain Workers (1936), the nurse of the Mountain Maternal Health League was present with word that mountain mothers, without requiring a long period of education, were welcoming the service. In the 1937 conference, the president of the League was present with leaflets for those who were interested in how the work was organized, and with reports of the way various branch units had been set up through cooperating doctors and nurses.

This year the Maternal Health League had a very interesting table of leaflets at the Conference. The North Carolina workers were present with cheering words of the action of their state Public Health Department in making the dissemination of birth control information a regular part of their public health service, and of the actual successful working of the plan. Delegates from other southern states reported strong campaigns going on, and expressed confident hope that similar legislative action may be effected in their states in the near future.

"Why Let Them Starve," a very striking picture giving much valuable information, was shown

at the Farragut Hotel after one of the Conference sessions, through the kindness of the Knoxville Birth Control Clinic. A large number of delegates saw the picture and were much impressed.

The health committee of the Conference of Southern Mountain Workers drew up a resolution, which was voted by the Conference, as follows:

WHEREAS, A federal court decision interpreting the federal statutes has clearly established the legality of physicians giving contraceptive advice "for the purpose of saving life or promoting the well-being of their patients"; and

WHEREAS, The American Medical Association has recognized the legal freedom of physicians in this field; and

WHEREAS, Birth control is now recognized as an integral part of public health and preventive medicine, as a means of diminishing dependency, improving health and raising the general level of intelligence; and

WHEREAS, The poverty, the high birth rate and high rate of infant mortality make this problem acute in this highland region;

BE IT RESOLVED: That the Conference of Southern Mountain Workers requests that the commissioners of health and welfare of the states of this mountain region cooperate in arranging for clinics or centers where birth control instruction will be available to underprivileged mothers in each county, and that this will be included in the health and welfare programs for the states; and that copies of this resolution be sent to all public health directors of the states concerned and to the Surgeon General of the United States, Dr. Thomas Parran.

Already letters are coming in, in response to the newspaper notices of the resolution, saying, "I have felt the need; tell me how I can help." Literature and assistance in opening up the work may be obtained by writing the Mountain Maternal Health League, Berea, Kentucky. L.S.

## THE REVIEWING STAND

TAKING CARE OF THE FAMILY'S HEALTH: A TEACHING GUIDE FOR RURAL CLASSES by Elma Rood and Gertrude Lingham. Madison, Tennessee, The Rural Press. Two volumes: Book I contains Section 1, "The Family in Health;" Book II contains Section 2, "The Family in Illness," and Section 3, "The Family and Public Health." Book I, 272 pp., Book II, 320 pp. It is Book II that is reviewed here.

This teaching guide comes to meet a real need. In the mountain regions, because of poverty and inaccessibility, many illnesses must be combatted by members of the patient's family with very little assistance from the outside. If the sick are to recover, there must be careful and intelligent care. Toward providing such care this book makes a definite contribution.

If classes can be organized among school children, adolescents and parents to teach them the fundamentals of home nursing and home sanitation, the fight against tuberculosis, pellagra, hookworm and other diseases will be at least half won. Economic help and moral renewal must also be forthcoming before real soundness can come to the homes of any region; but this book deals with the health side of the problem admirably.

The manual is practical rather than theoretical. It does not make the mistake of supposing that all rural homes are equipped with running water, electric lights, frigidaires, and bathrooms. It tells how to proceed when none of these conveniences is available. It shows how to fix a bed so it will be comfortable even though it is not equipped with inner springs, and though it cannot be raised and lowered as in a hospital. The book shows how to get along with what is found in the ordinary rural home; it tells about fixing chairs, backrests, beds, bedding, commodes, foods, and medicines so that they will best serve their purpose. Explicit instructions are given on how to bathe a patient in bed, how to turn a patient, how to raise a patient up and how to perform a multitude of little helpful services.

The book is complete enough so a teacher may

train her class efficiently by following its plain directions. On the other hand, a real teacher is needed to enliven the prosaic discussions and to touch uninteresting details with the Aladdin lamp of her imagination. No manual of this kind is intended to be followed slavishly; to do so would misinterpret its mission by losing sight of the objective in the mechanism of the means employed. The information is given in order to heal the sick, not to make a book or to fill a teaching period.

If a hundred competent teachers could be teaching a hundred classes in this region with the Rood-Lingham book as their guide, a new era would soon dawn in the fight for health. This reviewer wishes to add a personal word of thanks to the authors for producing such a serviceable manual.

Asa J. Hall, M.D.

THE LONG TOMORROW by Evelyn Voss Wise. New York, D. Appleton-Century Co., 1938. 253 pp. \$2.00.

Taking her cue from the cooperative work of Father J. J. Tompkins in Nova Scotia, and from the fact that cooperatives in Minnesota had religious beginnings, Miss Wise has constructed a fictionized account of a Father Pierre who built up a rural parish in Minnesota in the early days and ministered to the economic needs of his people through a cooperative cheese factory.

Possessed of seemingly limitless resources of rolling land admirably suited to dairy farming, yet poor—as were most homesteaders—in the means of developing their industry, Father Pierre's people saw good sense in his plan for a revolving fund to enable them to buy good dairy stock and a creamery to make the best use of their products.

Because he was a Catholic, Father Pierre met firm resistance from many of his neighbors who were Scandinavian Lutherans. Their hesitancy melted away, however, as they saw the affection their children had for him. Parents instinctively feel kindly toward one who plays with their children, who inspires in them a love of nature and a reverence for God, and who creates a school for them in a crude pioneer country.

The story portrays the characteristics of the varied streams of agricultural immigrants who have become the most solidly admirable of our present-day Americans. Duffy, Carpenter, Knutson, Carlson and Monahan, these and other old-country names identify the cultural heritages that have been built into the sturdiest family and vocational institutions of American life.

*The Long Tomorrow* symbolizes the vision and hope of a leader for a beloved people possessed of a promised land. Yet Father Pierre met the urgencies of each day and year with shrewdly practical counsels and cooperative projects. A thoroughly real and credible figure, the good priest combined qualities of old-world culture, reverence for personality, and insight, with the skill of a social engineer, in transforming a new-born settlement of individualistic pioneers into a community mature in social interrelationships, skills, and an integrating philosophy.

The book insinuates itself into the reader's attention. It is a rich story told with disarming simplicity. Its obvious authenticity gives it solid value. Of interest because of its content to the student and worker in rural life, agricultural, social and religious, the book will find a wide acceptance by the casual reader seeking refreshment in beautifully narrated reality.

Each chapter is headed by an excerpt from Father Pierre's diary. The quotation of two or three of these will suggest the stature and quality of the entire book.

*December 3, 1881*

"It is very cold and the snow has made the roads impassable. Tonight I have tended a woman whose ear was practically severed from her head. Vincent helped me. I believe that he would make an admirable doctor. I am always dreaming . . . planning for the future . . . hoping . . ."

*December 26, 1881*

"We are to have a cooperative cheese factory here on the corners, an industry that will improve living conditions. My cup of happiness is full."

*August 10, 1895*

"There have been many chicken thefts in the past few years. I discovered today that I have a talent for detective work, an absurd discovery for an aging priest."

ELSWORTH M. SMITH

AT HOME IN THE HILLS by John A. Spelman III. Pine Mountain, Kentucky, Pine Mountain Print Shop, 1939. 87 pp. \$2.00.

To regret the passing of the log cabin, the split-rail fence, the picturesque barns, and the one-room mountain farmhouse is not mere sentiment. It is not that anyone wishes to condemn human beings to the discomfort and the drab isolation of such buildings, but in their disappearance there is about to be lost a type of simple beauty which utilitarian, clapboarded, painted shacks and houses do not have. There is a mild and measured dignity in many a Kentucky cabin as it sits on a ridge overlooking good, or even bad, bottomland; there is elemental simplicity in the rooftree, the chimney, the garden fence, and within the house, the life around the dying embers on the rude hearth.

Handicrafts, songs, and dances of the mountains are being preserved by those who see in them a type of culture well worth preserving in these changing days of machines, radios, and moving pictures. In *At Home in the Hills*, John A. Spelman III, a young artist now living at Pine Mountain Settlement, catches in woodcuts and linoleum blocks the almost fierce simplicity of the lines and angles of sagging roofs, tilting chimneys, and open gates of the structures on Greasy Creek, up Clover Fork, at "Pine Mountain" and down in Big Laurel, in Harlan County in eastern Kentucky.

The artist here brings together some forty cuts of actual places. His brilliant technique, far beyond his less-than-thirty years, is evident in every sketch. The upthrust of a cabin into the horizon breaking the line of a hill, the gate ajar wistfully asking the traveller through, the zigzag paling about a house, the open door with all but a fire on the hearth, the low roof suggestive of mellow living and comfort beneath—all make their appeal to the heart as well as to the eye. One misses the overwhelming horizon lines of Black and Pine Mountains, those lines that carry the eye away up on the ridge against which man's slight habitations seem insignificant, yet very brave. To the lover of the trees in eastern Kentucky, Mr. Spelman seems inadequate; yet the roofs, the slanting outbuildings, barns, pens, and cabins, with their smokeless chimneys and slender porches, speak powerfully of the lives of those who lived there. Mr. Spelman seems to ask, "Were not their houses born here? brought into existence because of the

kinds of material at hand and of some deep need in the lives of those who built?" He often poses the query to his friends, "Is not the mountain cabin vital, too, in its claim for preservation, just as is the colonial in New England and the more aristocratic styles of the Old South?"

Opposite the cuts there are affixed appropriate captions which do much more than inform the reader; they create in him a desire to visit the farms, to enter the cabins, to jump the fences, to meet the people who dwell still in the land. There is genuine literary power in the author's descriptions. In fact, the words give life to many of the cuts which otherwise might be slightly monotonous in their similarity. "Roof lines and chimneys stand here with only the dismal charm of the dilapidated." "Another gate standing like a rampart to a small kingdom." A whole character is revealed in "Hillside Cabin III—The man is not wont to work except to hoe a little out front. His is the fear of losing the little he possesses. . . his wife's love." An entire history is felt in "Granny Smith's place—a great house built sixty years ago. . . yet there is no window." "Tumble Down is a symbol. . . And yet its chimney stands, as do those chimneys of houses raked by fire—a sentinel of solidarity and a lasting monument to a people's art wrought of stone."

At the eager desire of Mr. Glyn A. Morris, head of the Pine Mountain Settlement, the volume was printed and bound by the school print shop, teacher and boys cooperating in its completion.

Like the kindly thoughtfulness of the mountain people themselves is the charming acknowledgment, on the back fly-leaf, of the boys who helped the artist: "Noel Howard and Charles Collins are most responsible for the make-up and press-work and Walter Revis and Raleigh Creech the binding."

*At Home in the Hills* is a contribution of much merit to our Appalachians.

E. J. WEEKES

Copies of *At Home in the Hills* may be obtained by writing to the Office of the Director, Pine Mountain Settlement School, Pine Mountain, Kentucky.

*Standards of Living in Four Southern Appalachian Mountain Counties and Standards of Living of the Residents of Seven Rural Resettlement Communities*, two mimeographed social research reports, are available through the U. S. Department of Agriculture. Compiled cooperatively by

the Farm Security Administration and the Bureau of Agricultural Economics, these studies address themselves to an analysis of the level of living in Avery and Haywood counties in North Carolina, and Magoffin and Morgan counties in Kentucky; to Penderlea in North Carolina, Ashwood in South Carolina, the resettlement projects at Cumberland Homesteads, Tennessee, Cumberland Farms in Alabama, Dyess in Arkansas, Ropesville in Texas, and Bosque in New Mexico.

**SOCIAL WORK YEAR BOOK 1939**, Russell H. Kurtz, Editor. New York, Russell Sage Foundation. 730 pp. \$3.50.

*Social Work Year Book 1939*, issued by the Russell Sage Foundation, is out. The announcement alone is sufficient for anyone acquainted with its predecessors. This book should be available to students, teachers, administrators, ministers, and lay persons who have any interest in or connection with live social problems.

*On the Witness Stand*, by J. Weston Walch. New York, Medical Society of the State of New York. 63 pp. 10c

Just recently there came to our office a copy of this booklet giving "the facts about health insurance." Since the appointment of our new Conference Health Committee, our thoughts are quickly turned to any phase of this big problem, and especially to any publication which might be useful in our study-group attack on it. A catechism and handbook, *On the Witness Stand* gives information on health insurance, what it is, its advantages and weaknesses, and a useful bibliography.

#### Film Available

**THE LORD HELPS THOSE—Who Help Each Other**, a motion picture of the Nova Scotia Cooperative movement, has been released by the Harmon Foundation, 140 Nassau Street, New York City, and is available for rental at \$4.50 a showing. The film is three reels, taking about forty-five minutes for presentation; is 16 mm and silent. Cooperative groups and educational institutions may lease a print of the film for its lifetime at \$75. Produced by the Division of Visual Experiment of

the Harmon Foundation with the assistance of the Cooperative League of the U.S.A. and the Extension Department of St. Francis Xavier in Antigonish, the film traces the origin of the cooperative movement in Nova Scotia and the present development of the Adult Education program carried on by the Extension Department of St. Francis Xavier University.

#### Get Acquainted Sale

Until July 8, a limited number of the October, 1937 issue of *Mountain Life and Work* will be sold for 10 cents a copy. Containing such articles as

"The Best Job in the World" by R. F. Thomas, M.D.; "Book Larnin'" by Marion Holcomb Skean; "Progressive Education in the Kentucky Mountains" by Glyn A. Morris; "A Way of Advance for the Country Church," by Dumont Clark; "Rebuilding a Community" by Samuel and Nola Vander Meer; "Play in the Southern Mountains," by Richard Seaman; "Appalachia Speaking," by Margaret Trotter; and a special review of Allen Eaton's *Handicrafts of the Southern Highlands* by Olive D. Campbell, this issue would be a good one to send to people unacquainted with the magazine who might be interested in the field.

#### THE ONCE AGAIN FORGOTTEN MAN

Above the din of the democracy versus dictatorship commotion one imagines he can hear the voice of the once again forgotten man, who is trying to dig a living out of exhausted land in the mountains and other sections of the South:

"We want protection, Mister R., against the things that hurt: diseases and discouragement, and ignorance, and dirt (In preferential freight rates, the tariff, and the rest?). Are battleships and bombers the very, very best suggestions you can make to fight pellagra and malaria, short school terms, and low incomes, and taxes that most scare you?

"That 3-A tonic helped a bit; but if a war should come, a lot of us ain't fit to fight—we couldn't tote a gun. We need a bigger army of

health officers and nurses,<sup>1</sup> and roads so 'Doc' can keep our kids and women out of 'hearses'.

"And when you spend—I realize I'm talking to my betters—well, we've got young ones without shoes, or undershirts, or sweaters. Buy books instead of bombs for us; a place for recreation . . . .

"I'm plumb wore out; I'll have to quit, and let you run the Nation."

O.L.K.

<sup>1</sup> Half a billion dollars would finance the professional training of an army of 6,000 doctors and 15,000 nurses and pay for their services, two doctors and five nurses in every one of the 3,000 counties of the United States, for ten years. There would still be enough left to built a \$100,000 hospital in each of 500 rural counties that desperately need hospital facilities. Kentucky alone has 33 counties without any full-time public health officer.

The problem of unproductive land is serious, but the problem of unproductive lives which people must live upon unproductive land is incomparably more serious. The people of the nation have become somewhat soil-erosion conscious, but they must become more fully human erosion conscious. Worn-out eroded, gullied, lifeless and barren hillsides are important from the stand-point of the national welfare, and the dilapidated houses on many farms are a matter of serious public concern, but the hopeless and fruitless lives of the people who occupy these houses and who struggle for existence upon these impoverished lands assume the appearance of a national tragedy.

DOVER P. TRENT

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## OUR CONTRIBUTORS

HELEN CARLOCK, of Alpine, Tennessee, is a junior at Berea College, Berea, Kentucky.

On the library staff of Berea College, and author of *Seeking*, a recently published book of verse, NELLIE I. CRAND wrote these two poems especially for *Mountain Life and Work*.

MATTIS HORLEN is the Swedish State instructor in homecrafts. Her "program suggestions" have been translated for *Mountain Life and Work* by RUTH D. PARKER, former teacher of weaving and design at the Asheville Normal and Teachers College, North Carolina, who did her work as a student in a Danish folk school at Copenhagen.

HOWARD KESTER is not only one of the moving spirits of the Fellowship of Southern Churchmen, of which he tells us, but is serving on the National Executive Committee of the Southern Tenant Farmers' Union, and is agent for the Committee on National and Economic Justice in the South. His headquarters are Black Mountain, North Carolina.

Having been community worker at the Presbyterian station in Smith, Kentucky, nurse at Brasstown, North Carolina, and public health nurse with the Kentucky State Board of Health for two years, CAROLINE KIDDER, now nurse at the Kate Duncan Smith D.A.R. School on Gunter Mountain, Alabama, speaks with conviction and deep understanding of health and medical needs in the mountains.

H. CLARENCE NILON, author of *Forty Acres and Steel Mules*, has been field secretary of the Southern Conference for Human Welfare. His paper printed in this issue represents the substance of an address given recently before the Kentucky Academy of Social Science.

D. B. ROBERTSON, junior at Berea College, is from Gaffney, South Carolina.

"Spring" is the second of four linoleum blocks made for us this year by JOHN A. SPELMAN III, whose book of illustrations, *At Home in the Hills*, has just come off the press of the Pine Mountain Settlement School.

JAMES STILL, teacher at Hindman Settlement School in eastern Kentucky, is better known to readers of *Mountain Life and Work* as author of poems contributed from time to time, and the recent story piece, "Journey to the Settlement." Mr. Still's *Hounds on the Mountain*, a book of verse, was published in 1937.